Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHILD SONGS.

THE CITY CHILD.

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?
Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this city house of ours?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle flowers."

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies?
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell,
What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft:
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

—*Alfred Tennyson, in St. Nicholas for February*

JOE AND BLINKY.

Blinky was a poor dirty little puppy whom somebody had lost, and somebody else had stolen, and whose miserable little life was a burden to himself until Joe found him. It happened one warm day in July that Joe, whose bright eyes were always pretty wide open, saw a group of youngsters eagerly clustering about an object which appeared to interest them too much. This object squirmed, gasped, and occasionally kicked, to the great amusement of the little crowd, who liked excitement of any sort. Joe put his head over the shoulders of the children, and saw a wretched little dog in the agonies of a convulsion. Now, instead of giving him pleasure, this sight pained him grievously, as did any suffering, and Joe pushed his way through the crowd, asking whose dog it was. No one claimed it; and Joe was watched with great interest, and warned most zealously, as he took the poor little creature by the nape of its neck to the nearest pump.

"You'd better look out. He's mad. See if he isn't."

"What yer goin' to do?—kill him? My father's got a pistol; I'll run and get it."

"No, you needn't" said Joe.

There was no pound in the town, and so the dog was worthless, and after a while the crowd of children found something else to interest them.

Joe bathed the little dog, and rubbed it, and soothed its violent struggles, and carried it away to a quiet corner on the steps of a house where a great elm-tree made a refreshing shade. Here he sat a long time, watching his little patient, and glad to find it getting quieter, until it fell fast asleep in his arms. Joe did not move, so pleased was he to relieve the poor little creature, whose thin flanks revealed a long course of suffering. There were few passers in the street, and Joe had no school duties, thanks to its being vacation, so he was free to do as he chose. After more than an hour the poor little dog opened its eyes, which were so dazzled by the light that Joe at once named him Blinky, and presently a hot red little tongue was licking Joe's big brown hand. That was enough for Joe; it was as plain a "thank you" as he wanted, and he carried his stray charge home to share his dinner.

From that day Joe was seldom seen without Blinky; and after many good dinners, and plenty of sleep without terrible dreams of tins tied to his tail, Blinky began to grow handsome, and Joe to be very proud of him. Blinky slept under Joe's bed, woke him every morning with a sharp little bark, as much as saying, "Wake up, lazy fellow, and have a frolic with me," and then bounced up beside him for a game. And how he frisked when Joe took him out! The only thing he did not enjoy was his weekly scrubbing, and the combing with an old coarse toilet comb which followed. But he bore it patiently for Joe's sake. Vacation came to an end, and school began. This was as sore a trial to Blinky as to Joe, for of course he could not be allowed in school, though he left Joe at the door with most regretful and downcast looks, which said plainly, "This is injustice; you and I should never be parted," and he was always waiting when school was out.

Joe hated school; he would much rather have been chesnutting in the woods, gay with their crimson and yellow leaves, or chasing the squirrels with Blinky; but he knew he had to study, if ever he was to be of any use in the world, and so he tried to forget the delights of roaming, or the charms of Blinky's company. But when the first snow came, how hard it was to stick at the old books! How delicious was the frosty air, and how pure and fresh the new-fallen snow, waiting to be made use of as Joe so well knew how!

"Duty first!" said Joe to himself, as with shovel and broom he cleared the path in the court-yard, and shoveled the kitchen steps clean. He did it so well that his father tossed him some pennies—for he was saving up to buy Blinky a collar—and he turned off with a light heart for school, with Blinky at his heels.

The school-mistress had a hard time that day; all the boys were wild with fun, one only of them not sharing the glee. This one was a little chap whose parents had sent him up North from Georgia to his relatives, the parents being too poor after the War to maintain their family. He was a skinny little fellow, always shivering and snuffling, and his name was Bob.

Now, Bob wasn't a favorite. The boys liked to tease him, called him "Little Reb," and he in turn disliked them, and was ever ready to report their mischievous pranks to the teacher. If there was any thing pleasant about the boy, no one knew it, because no one took the trouble to find out. Bob did not relish the snow; he was pinched and blue, and whenever he had the chance was huddling up against the stove; besides, he liked to read, and would rather have staid in all day with a book of fairy tales than shared the gayest romp they could have suggested. This afternoon Joe had made so many mistakes in his arithmetic examples that he was obliged to stay late and do them over; but he was soreiy annoyed and tempted at hearing the shouts and cries of joy with which the boys saluted each other as they escaped from the school-room, and he spoke very crossly when a little voice at his elbow said,

"Please, may I go home with you?"

"No," said Joe.

"Ah, please!"

Joe turned, and saw that it was Bob This provoked him still more. "I said *no*, 'tell-tale.' What do I want to be bothered with you?"

Bob turned away, disappointed. Joe kept on at his lesson; it was very perplexing, and he was out of humor. Besides, the fun outside was increasing; he could hear the roars of laughter, the whiz of the flying snow balls, and the gleeful crows of the conquering heroes. He was the only one in the school-room. Presently there was a hush, a sort of premonitory symptom of more mischief brewing outside, which provoked his curiosity to the utmost.

"Five times ten, divided by three, and— Oh, I can't stand this," said Joe, as he gave a push to his slate, and ran to the window.

The boys had gone off to the farthest corner of the vacant lot on which the school-house had stood, and by the appearance of things were preparing to have an animated game of foot-ball; but by the gestures and general drift of motions Joe saw, to his horror, that poor little Bob was evidently to be the victim. Already they were rolling him in the snow, and cuffing him about as if he were made of India rubber, and deserved no better treatment.

Joe's conscience woke up in a minute, for he knew that if he had allowed Bob to wait for him as he had wanted to do, the boys would not have dared to touch him, and he felt ashamed of his unkindness and ill humor as he saw the results.

The child was getting fearfully maltreated, as Joe saw, not merely on account of their dislike for him, but because in their gambols the boys were lost to all sense of the cruelty they were practicing, and they tossed him about regardless of the fact that his bones could be broken or his sinews snapped.

Cramming his books in his bag, and snatching up his cap, Joe dashed out of the door. Blinky was ready for him, and did not know what all this haste meant, but dashed after his master, as in duty bound.

"I say, fellers, stop that!" he shouted, repeating the "stop that!" as loud as his lungs could make the exertion. The din was so great that it was some moments before they heard him, but Blinky barked at their heels, and helped to arrest their attention.

"Stop! what shall we stop for?" asked one of the bigger and rougher ones.

"You are doing a mean, hateful thing—that's why."

"Oho! that's because you haven't a share in it," was the sneering reply.

"If you'll stop, I'll run the gauntlet for you," said Joe. There was a pause. Perhaps that would be better than foot-ball; besides, Joe never got mad, and little Bob was crying hard. "Let Bob go home, fair and square, and I'll run," repeated Joe.

"All right," they shouted. "Come on, then."

Joe helped to uncover Bob, shook the snow off his clothes, wiped his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and sent him on his way. Then the boys formed two lines, each with as many snow-balls as he could hurriedly make, and Joe prepared for the run. Blinky was furious, and, as Joe shouted, "Fire away!" and started down the line, he barked himself hoarse. Hot and heavy came the balls, or rather cold and fast they fell on Joe's back and head and school-bag. But he was a good runner, and tore like made from his pursuers, screaming as he ran, "Fire away! fire away!" until he reached a cellar door, where he knew he could take refuge. Here he halted; but Blinky was in a rage at having his master thus used. Joe did not mind it in the least, and was as full of fun as he could be. When he got home he found his mother making apple pies; she had baked one in a saucer for him. It looked delicious, but as he was about to bite it, he said, "Mother, may I just run over to Mrs. Allen's for a minute?"

"Oh yes," was the reply.

Wrapping up the pie in a napkin, he carried it with him. By the side of the stove, with his head aching and bound up in a handkerchief, he found poor little Bob. Without a word, he stuffed the nice little pie in Bob's hands, and then rushed out again.

It is hardly necessary to say that in the future Blinky had a rival, and that rival was Bob.—*Harper's Young People.*

Curious Chinese Observance of the Recent Eclipse in California.

Regarding the eclipse the reporter found a vast variety of opinions among the Chinamen interviewed. One man, a clever merchant, said that the cause of the dark space on the sun was because the moon was behind it. He tried hard to make the reporter comprehend this theory for some time, and then suddenly seized a piece of smoked glass from a friend's hand and said: "Alle same this. No smokee, see through; smokee, no see through. Sabe?" After considerable of an object lesson and further smoked glass demonstration, the reporter was made to understand that in the Chinaman's opinion the sun is a hole through which a glowing light beyond shines down upon the world, and that at that time the moon had slid in behind the sun in some irregular manner and thus obscured a portion of the light by blocking up a portion of the hole. The Chinese listeners to this explanation all grunted their assent, and the reporter moved on to a portion of Chinatown where the lower and more ignorant class live.

Here, for a wonder, the Chinamen were found with their eyes actually wide open. This proved that the eclipse was a matter of stupendous wonder to them. One Chinaman there explained that the sun and moon were having a quarrel, and the evident conclusion was that the sun had got the worst of it and came off with a black eye. The reporter carried a small piece of smoked glass with him. One amazed Chinaman looked hard and long at the reporter's use of the glass, and then asked to have it. He was given it, and after viewing the sun with it a moment, delightedly passed it over to a friend, who clapped it to his eye with the smoked side toward him. When he passed it to a friend in turn, his eye was discovered to be completely blacked, and a horrified shout went up, for it was thought that the action of the eclipse had caused the fellow's eye and cheek to discolor, and not one of the affrighted crowd could be induced to look through the glass again.

In the Chinese theater the tragedy which has been in course of production there for some months was proceeding as usual when the growing eclipse made the inside of the theater inconveniently dark. At about a quarter to 4 o'clock a solemn-faced gas man came upon the stage from the dressing-room, and, paying not the slightest attention to the gyrations of a dozen excited tragedians, coolly proceeded to light the footlights. The occurrence of the gas man in that unusual manner did not excite the slightest attention from any of the numerous actors or the band which accompanied them.

It is the custom in China upon the occasion of an eclipse to beat gongs and play the sweetest (meaning the loudest) of their wind instruments. In one of the back alleys the reporter found a patriotic crowd who were carrying out this custom. The favorite instrument was a reed affair, compared to the tones of which the segregated squeals and squalls of the bagpipe are as the trill of a Patti compared to the excellent roar of a fog-horn. The favorite belief of the Chinese in relation to eclipses is that there is a huge dragon which is kept securely fastened, only being released once a year. On that occasion he always attempts to swallow the sun. They explain partial eclipses by saying that he was forced to relinquish his attempts; but on the occasion of a total eclipse they affirm that he was successful, but was compelled to yield up the morsel.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

It is just 34 years since a large crock of butter was suspended by a rope in the well on the farm of Abraham S. Mylin, in Lancaster, Penn. This old custom was a good one for keeping the butter fresh, but this particular lot was destined never to be eaten, for the rope broke, and for 34 years it rested securely in the bottom of the well. One day recently the well was cleaned and the butter again brought to light. It was found to be as white as snow and hard as adament. It will not be eaten, but will be kept as a relic.

The *Religious Herald* of Richmond, gives rather questionable consolation. A Virginia subscriber writes as follows: "You are publishing the obituaries of the Georgia and Alabama preachers, but seem to have no space for ours." The editor replies: "Bear with us. Your time will come soon, we hope."

Dr. Richardson's Cellar of Wonderful Wines.

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, the eminent English physician and medical author, is a character as rare as the oldest of the wines which Sir Walter Trevelyan has bequeathed to him. The gift of a well stocked cellar of precious wines, endless in variety and with ages running far back into the last century, would delight the heart and win the lasting gratitude of almost any other merry Briton. But it proves to be a white elephant on the hands of the learned and abstemious author of the "Ministry of Health."

Dr. Richardson has not only preached, but practised, teetotalism. He had boldly declared that old port, which Englishmen love next to their country and roast beef, has produced more gout, rheumatism, and neuralgia than any other agent in the world. No wonder, then, that he suspected a joke was being played upon him when he was officially notified that a stranger to him, Sir Walter Trevelyan of Wallington, had bequeathed to him a magnificent cellar of wines "to be applied to scientific purposes"—a cellar especially rich in what the donee has especially denounced—old port. When, however, the ponderous rusty key of the cellar door was delivered up to the Doctor there was no longer room to doubt the stern reality of the situation.

After Dr. Richardson had recovered from "the first effect of these tidings," which was "sufficient to take away the breath," he visited Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan at Wallington to gaze upon but not taste his vinous treasures and learn why they had so mysteriously been thrust upon him. He found that Sir Walter had come into possession of Wallington on the death of his father in 1848. At that time some of the wines in the cellar were sold, but the choicest brands were kept. Sir Walter neither touched, tasted nor handled ardent spirits of any kind. Nor are we informed that his guests fared any better than himself in this respect. But he delighted to take them down into the cellar and show them what precious old stuff was there stowed away. He would discourse most learnedly on the contents of the bins, but it is not recorded that he drew any corks except once, in 1857. On that occasion he invited a number of friends to the cellar and treated them to the usual antiquarian discourse. At dinner, however, he opened a bottle of very ancient Malmsey sack, which the company pronounced perfect.

On making a personal inspection of his treasures, Dr. Richardson found the wines stored away in the most careful manner, and, in many instances, almost buried in fungus. Some of the bottles were laid on their sides, and others were placed upright. In some cases the name of the wine, and of the merchant with the year of vintage, was stamped on metal labels. In other instances the names were painted on labels of wood, some of which had so rotted that the inscription could not be read. Dr. Richardson found about 20 varieties of wines and spirits. There were champagne, port, claret, Cyprus, hock, white port, Pruniac, St. George, sack Tokay, Malmsey sack, Frontignac, Placentine, Madeira, sherry sack, a white wine not named, arrack, brandy, whisky, gin, beer and cider. The list which Sir Walter had left for Dr. Richardson gave the dates of a number of specimens. The Tokay and St. George had been bought of Mr. Edward Wortley in 1752. The date of the Cyprus was 1762; the rum or kirsch before 1777; the claret and four hock magnums were in the cellar before 1777. There were Madeira of 1803-18; port, 1820; St. Peray, 1834; and sherry, 1818. Other brands were marked "old."

As yet, Dr. Richardson has not drawn a cork. He is carefully guarding his sacred trust, and earnestly meditating what to do with it. "The antiquaries," he says, "who are curious about wine may rest in peace until some ingenious suggestion of a practical kind breaks the charm by showing how one total abstainer can make use of wine which another total abstainer has left him in trust for the purposes of science.—*New York Sun.*

Connecticut Economy.

A farmer who lives near Hartford, Conn., boasts that he has had three good wives. His neighbors tell a story of his penuriousness concerning each of them. It is averred that he ordered off his farm a sister of No. 1, because she ate too many eggs. No. 2 had been his servant girl and refused to work longer at low wages. On the way to the depot he said: "Will you stay if I will marry you?" "Yes," she answered, and he is said to have chuckled over his cheap bargain, as she was a hard worker. No. 3 was a widow and dressmaker who owed considerable money. By the State law a husband is responsible for his wife's debts contracted before marriage; so, to avoid paying these the widower, as soon as he was engaged, kept the news quiet till he had bought up all the claims against his intended at 20 cents on the dollar.

The dairy farmers of Michigan are turning off their cows for beef on account of a short crop of hay. This is good policy, if the poor animals are disposed of.

Descending the Humboldt Mine.

Entering a rough wooden building, you see a steam-engine turning an immense drum, around which is coiled a wire rope. On a chair sits, with each hand on a lever, the bright, watchful engineer, his eyes fixed on the drum, now nearly covered with the coil. In another minute, click! the machinery has stopped, and out of an opening in front, like Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime, has come a grimy figure, who stands there sm'ling at you, with a lamp fixed on the front of his cap, and his feet on the rim of a great iron bucket. He steps off, the bucket is emptied of the load, not of rich ore, but of very dirty water, which it has brought up, and there is an air of expectancy among the workmen, and an inquiring smile on the face of Mr. Thornton, the superintendent. Something is clearly expected of you, for it is established that you are not what is called by the miners a "specimen fiend," or unmitigated sample-collecting nuisance, and it is assumed that when you came hither to investigate you "meant business." You take the hint, and follow Mr. Thornton to a room, where, amid a good deal of joking, you put on some clothes—and such clothes! If you have one spark of personal vanity, "all hope abandon, ye who enter here," for even your kind guide has to turn away to hide a smile when he sees you in overalls which will not meet in front, and are precariously tied with a ragged string, an ancient flannel shirt, the sleeves of which hang in tatters around your waistbands, and a cap which might have come over in the Mayflower, and has a smoky lamp hooked into its fast decomposing visor. As you approach the mouth of the shaft, the engineer genially remarks that there "ain't much danger," and when the bucket has come up and been partially emptied, the by-standers repeatedly advise you to be careful about getting in. As you climb perilously over the side, you think of the Frenchman who, starting in the fox-hunt, cried out: "Take noteece, mes amis, zat I leafe every zing to my vife!" And when you are crouched down so that Mr. Thornton can stand on the rim above, you do not think at all, but know that you are what Mr. Mantalini called "a dem'd moist unpleasant body." Mr. Thornton makes a grim remark about it being as well to have some matches in case the lamps go out, gives the word, and down you go. Understand that there is just about room for the bucket in the shaft, that the latter is slightly inclined, and that you catch and jar and shake in a nerve-trying way; and understand, further, that a person should carefully study his temperament and possible disabilities before he takes a contract to go into a deep shaft.

At a certain depth—it may be 500 or 1,000 feet (in some Nevada mines it is 2,500)—you stop at side drifts or cross-cuttings in which men are at work, and here you see, walled in by rock, the fissure vein. Some are "stoping," or cutting pieces away with the pick, others holding the steel wedges, and others striking them tremendous blows with sledge-hammers. They are, by-the-way, in the habit of accompanying these blows with gutteral sounds, the hearing of which induced a special correspondent of the gentler sex—ignoring the fact that they receive three dollars per diem, own chronometer watches, and have fine bank accounts, and silver spoons on their tables—to write a soul-moving description of the poor, down-trodden miner, imprisoned far from the light of the blessed day, uttering terrible groans as he toiled his life away for the enrichment of the bloated and pampered capitalist. Other men, again, are drilling, loading, and tamping for the "shots," which are to tear the rock in pieces; and you will probably remember a pressing engagement to "meet a man" at some distance from the mine, and induce Mr. Thornton to ring for that moist car, and take you up before they light the match.—*A. A. Hayes, Jr., in Harper's for February.*

The Best Work Done Under High Pressure.

How comes it that so many great men—men that have been great benefactors of their kind and have left great works behind them—have had to live under pressure, with strained energies, and the sense of having too much to do? It seems as if men could hardly become great under the conditions of a calm, leisurely life. A man can not run at his fastest, or swim his furthest, in ordinary circumstances; he must be running in an exciting race, or swimming for dear life, to do his best. It rarely appears what a man is capable of till he is put to his mettle. Necessity is a wonderful educator, a wonderful enlarger and quickener of men's faculties. We lately read an account of a printing-machine which from eight cylinders can print and fold about 100,000 newspapers in an hour. What but the pressure of necessity could ever have made machinery accomplish such wonders? It needs something of the same sort to take the most out of human faculties. Under the pressure, the faculties become enlarged and quickened, and are thus capable of producing results that calm leisure never attains.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

According to Edison, gas will soon be the light of other days.—*Boston Post.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

Good taste is the flower of good sense.

Ironing a shirt is a pressing necessity.

The young sculptor has an uncertain future before him. He generally makes aces and busts.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The editor of the Oil City *Derrick* has tried it, and finds that "A New Year's swear-off does wear off."

A country editor, being asked, "Do hogs pay?" says a great many do not. They take the paper several years, and then have the Postmaster send it back "Refused."

"You promised to pay that bill yesterday," said an angry creditor to a debtor. "Yes," calmly replied the other, "but to err is human, to forget divine, and I forgot it."

The Detroit *Free Press* believes that, 60 days hence, if the price of paper keeps up, readers all over the country will be asked to help share the increased expense of the publishers.

A washerwoman, a regular and attentive listener at church, was commended by her pastor. "Yes," she said, "after my hard week's work is done, I git so rested to come to church, and sit and think about nothin'!"—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A little boy being asked by another boy what he was doing now, replied, "I am cashier in a clothing-store." "You cashier?" said the other, in amazement. "Yes," said the little chap, "that's what the clerks call me. A hundred times a day they holler 'Cashier.'" "Cash! here!" was what the clerks said."—*Hawkeye.*

Young Fred, a bashful yet persistent swain
Was very much in love with Mary Jane.

One night she told him, in her tenderest tone,
"It is not good for man to be alone."

Said Fred, "Just so, you darling little elf;
I've often thought of that same thing myself."

Then said the lass, while Fred was all agog,
"You ought to buy yourself a terrier dog."
He took the hint, and left.
—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Stranger in the Supreme Court.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man," said Polonius. He was judicious in not substituting *always* for "oft." For, not unfrequently, it has been found that the finest bird is not the one that wears the finest feathers.

Years ago, the staid citizens of Washington were astonished one morning at the appearance of a strange figure in their streets. He was dressed in an old pair of corduroys, ripped at the ankle for convenience in rolling up, a drab overcoat, much the worse for wear, and furnished with several capes, hung at his heels. Worn-out, untied, unbuckled shoes, and a "shocking hat" completed his costume. Solemnly he stalked through the streets, six feet in height, leading a little black, rough-haired filly, her tail matted with burrs. A pair of small saddle-bags hung over the saddle, on which were stuffed papers, and gingerbread, and cheese. Stopping at an obscure tavern, he put up his mare and relieved himself of his great coat. Into one of the pockets of a short gray linsey roundabout, he stuffed some bread and cheese, and into the other a bundle of law papers, tied with a yarn string. Inquiring the way to the Supreme Court, he walked forth, the wonder of the negroes and idle boys. Arriving at the Court-house, he sauntered within the bar, took a seat, and began munching bread and cheese. The lawyers and spectators smiled at the awkward countryman on his first visit to the Capital.

Soon a case was called which seemed to interest the countryman. It involved the title to a large tract of land in the "Green River country" of Kentucky. A Mr. Taylor of Virginia, a leading lawyer, began his argument by a statement of the facts. All at once the countryman stopped munching, and, tapping the counsel on the back, corrected one of his "facts." The lawyer paused, frowned at the busybody, and went on. The countryman resumed his munching, and in a few minutes again corrected the counsel. "I beg the Court to protect me from the impertinence of that person," said Taylor, showing much irritation. Taylor finished his powerful argument, and then, to the amazement of spectators, the bar, and the Judges, the stranger rose to reply. His manner was wholly changed. He stood as if he had practiced in that Court all his professional life. His argument was so clear and forcible, and his reply to the opposing counsel so masterly, that the bar and Court looked as if they doubted their eyes and ears. Mr. Taylor seemed paralyzed. The sweat dropped from his face. The rustic he had sneered at seemed a legal giant. Every one asked, "Who is he?"

It was Joe Daviess, one of the best lawyers and most eloquent orators of Kentucky, as eccentric as he was gifted. Scarcely one present knew him personally, but all had heard of his brilliant reputation.—*Youth's Companion.*

Puffs or Pop-overs.—One cup of milk, one cup of flour, one egg, and half a teaspoon of salt. Grease gem-pans and put them on the back of the stove to heat. Beat the egg separately, and make a batter with the yelk, milk, flour and salt, putting in the beaten white last. Beat all together long and well, then fill the heated gem-pans half full and bake immediately in a quick oven. Serve as soon as done.